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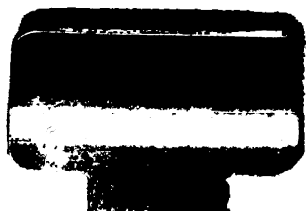
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## Song Favours



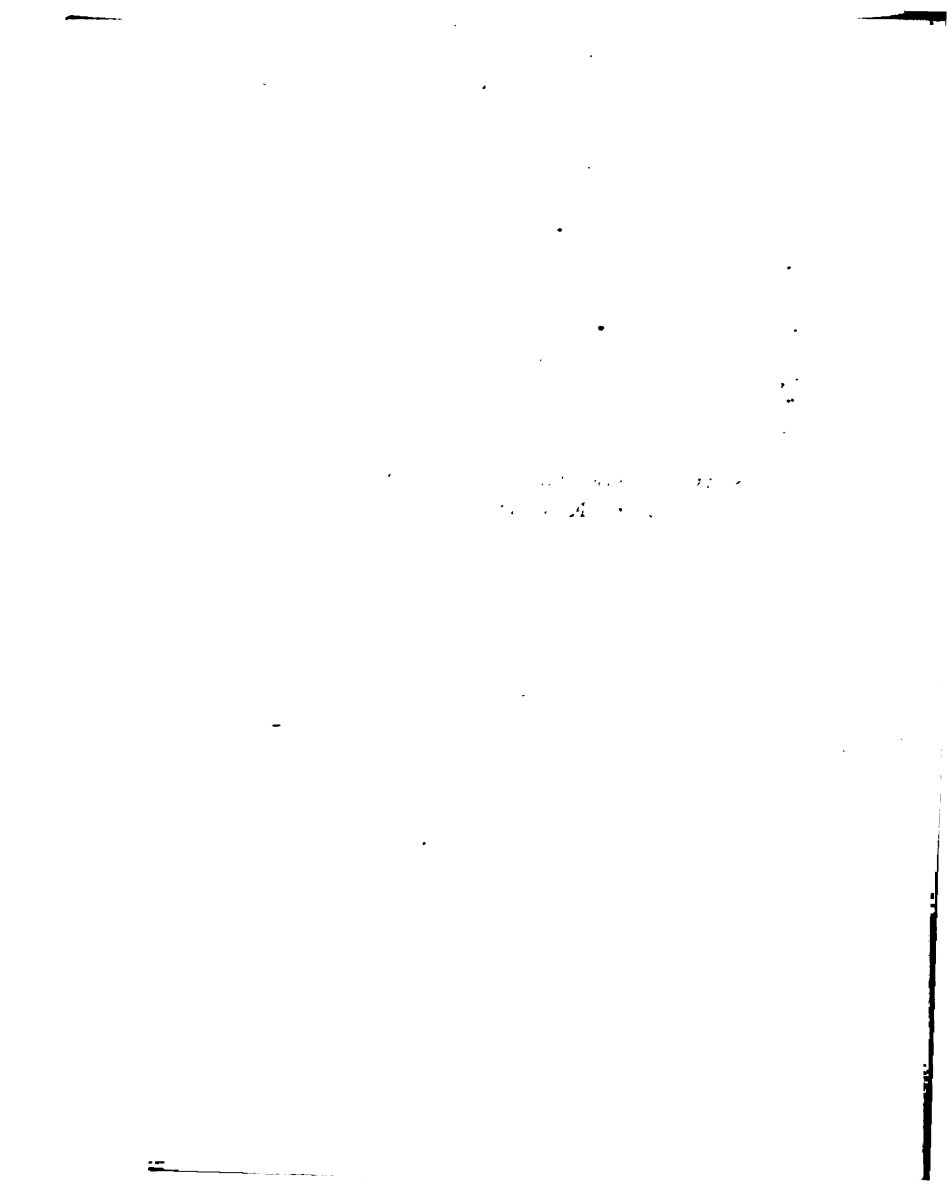
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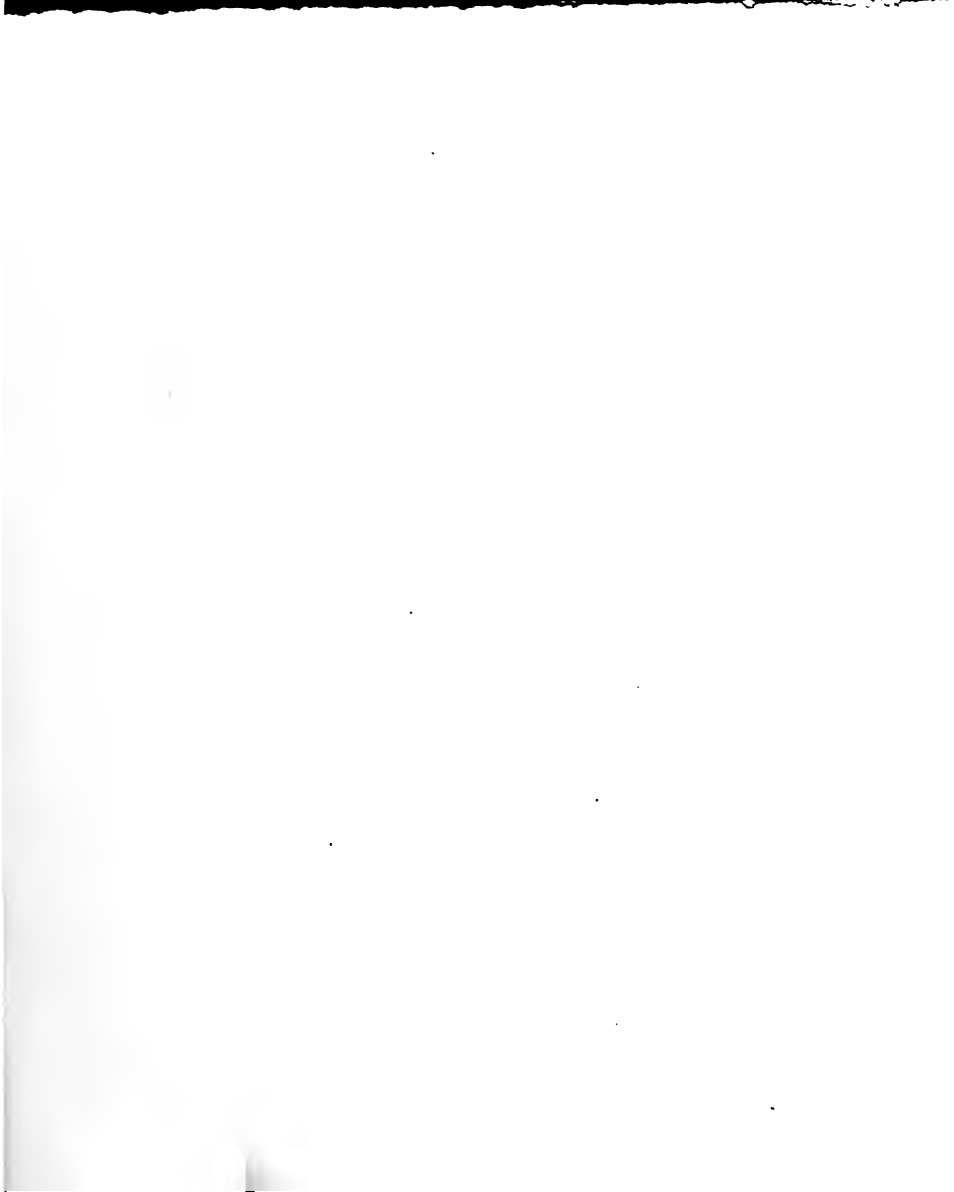
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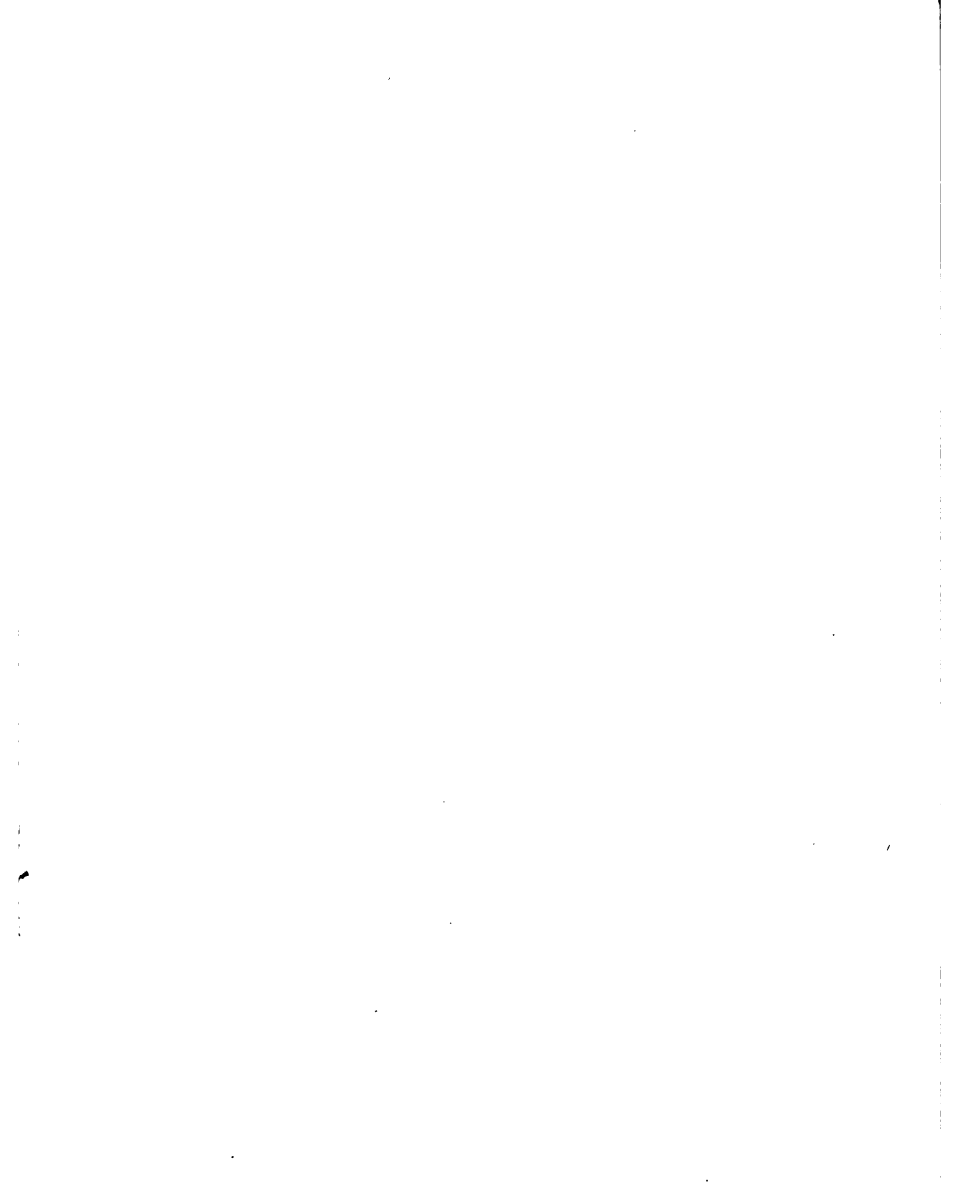


## *Song Favours*

*Bits of ribbon and bits of flower  
The Muse lets fall by her bay tree bower  
When she hangs her lute on the lily-stalks,  
And dances out in the garden walks,  
Chasing the winds on her winged feet,  
And kissing each songbird she chances to meet.*

*Bits of ribbon and bits of flower  
The Muse lets fall by her bay tree bower  
As she takes her lute from the lily-stalks,  
And stands and weeps in the garden walks  
When none will love her, or understand,  
And the footsteps of Winter are heard in the land.*





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## Song Favours



## Nimuë

WHEN we had finished at the cider-press,  
And rinsed the mill, and laid the bags away,  
I went alone into the wilderness

Where ancient writers say  
That cunning, false, fair damsel of the lake,  
Who fooled the great magician, lingers still,  
To work her stolen spells and wicked will  
On ev'ry man, and make  
All love and passion baneful for her sake.

A white owl darted out across the mere  
And hooted to me from a hollow tree ;  
Whereby I fancied that I might be near  
The haunt of Nimuë,  
And climbed an alder-stem, and cried above  
The reeds and water, "Sorceress, arise,  
And flaunt your loveliness before my eyes ;  
But, by the Holy Dove,  
I will not yield me to a wanton's love !"

The challenge echoed in the holt around  
 Till it was broken by a laugh which took  
 My breath with wonder at its mocking sound ;  
 And when I turned to look  
 To find from whence and whom it came, behold,  
 There leaned, close by, against a silver birch,  
 The very one for whom I came in search,  
 Waving a wand of gold  
 Twined with an adder, ringed, and aureoled.

No water lilies of a naiad's love,  
 Laid lightly on their leaves for her delight,  
 Could be more lovely than her breasts above  
 The dress of green samite  
 Which clung so closely to her supple form ;  
 And no magnolia buds, all wet with dew,  
 Could shimmer as her white arms when she threw  
 Above her head a swarm  
 Of angry wasps, to raise a magic storm.

Her face was hidden in a scarlet hood :  
 But as the storm arose, which she had made,  
 She snatched it off, and left the birch, and stood  
 Close at my side, and laid  
 Her cheek to mine, and whispered, "Would you  
 know

How good it is to win the love, and see  
 The unveiled loveliness of Nimuë ;  
 And take her hand, and go,  
 Her bridegroom, to her palace there below ?

“O, come, and see how beautiful it is ;  
 How rich my chamber, and how soft my bed !  
 Dear, shall we give and take one little kiss ?  
 Old, foolish Merlin said  
 My kisses flew into his head like wine.  
 Come, only come, you, who would be so wise,  
 May learn rare wisdom looking in my eyes ;  
 And ecstasies divine  
 Will thrill you evermore when you are mine !

“One kiss,” she begged, “take one, and give one  
 back !”  
 Then, as the fierce wind struck the oaks and firs,  
 And made the strongest creak and bend and crack  
 About my head, and her’s,  
 She clasped her arms around me till my heart  
 Half warmed to her ; but when I felt the cold  
 Smooth adder on her golden wand unfold  
 It’s horrid coils, and start  
 Encircling us so that we could not part,



I flung her from me, with a curse above  
 The howling of the storm, and cried again,  
 "I will not yield me to a wanton's love!"  
 While through the gusts of rain  
 I heard the reptile hiss, and saw her eyes  
 Glare like a wild cat's as she bade the swarm  
 Of wasps return to her and sink the storm.  
 And, therewith, magic wise,  
 The earth was still beneath the moonlit skies.

Soon, by the silver birch, I saw her take  
 The shining adder from her wand and tie  
 It to her wrist, and catch the wasps, and make  
 Them close their wings and lie  
 Like topaz clusters in her dusky hair;  
 And, lightly throwing off her samite dress,  
 Come forth in all her naked loveliness;  
 While I, half in despair,  
 Wondered what more, to win me, she would dare.

Till I remembered how the legends tell  
 That if the mortal whom she deigns to woo  
 Would free himself, and Merlin, from her spell,  
 This he must quickly do:—  
 Thrust out his hand and whip her wand away,

And snap it thrice and thrice across his knee,  
 For that alone can vanquish Nimuë,  
 And her enchantments stay,  
 And end the thralldom of her devil-play.

So, with the sacred sign made secretly,  
 I feigned to seek to kneel to kiss her hand ;  
 But she, by reason of her sorcery,  
     Was quick to understand  
 My sudden tenderness, and took to flight ;  
 Her samite train and wasp-filled hair combined  
 In one long streamer floating out behind.  
     Thus vanished from my sight  
 The dotard Merlin's treacherous delight.

The white owl crossed the moon path on the mere,  
 And sank into the shadow silently.  
 "Transformed, and fallen, with no lover near—  
     Ah ! Lady Nimuë,  
 I know a bower in a fair pleasance  
 Of violets, pinks and narcissuses,  
 And hedged with lemon and sweetbriar trees,  
     Where one may often chance  
 To meet the faithful of the old romance."



## Cuckoo Day

THE daybreak glimmers  
 And shivers and shimmers,  
 Shivers and shimmers in purple and gold  
 Where the sun-horses chafe in the sun-god's hold  
     Just over the Eastern downs;  
 Till the flash of their bits and their harness-chains  
 And the lightnings tied into their tails and manes  
     Shoots over the Wealden towns,  
 Shoots on to the Cowfold monast'ry spire,  
 Shoots out to the sweeps of Chiltington mill,  
 To Tennyson's windows on Blackdown hill,  
 And the sky of the neighbouring shire.

Then Aurora, the sun's  
 Rosy handmaiden, runs  
 With a basket of fruit blossoms poised on her head,  
 Green ones and pink ones and white ones and red,  
 And, with both hands uplifted, out-scatters them wide  
 Through gardens and orchards on every side,



Such abundance,  
Redundance,  
On every side,  
Of blossoms for apples and damsons and cherries,  
For currants and quinces, pears, plums and straw-  
berries,  
That the labourers call to each other to see  
What a wonderful fruit year 'tis likely to be.

And, lo, it is April, the month of sweets,  
When clouds become whiter than Winter's snow,  
And swallows skim into the village streets  
To seek the old homes of their long ago ;  
And folks declare,  
At Heathfield Fair  
A hook-nosed hag  
From her fairing bag  
Lets the cuckoo fly out, and away !  
Away ! and away ! and away !  
"Cuckoo ! cuckoo !"  
Away and away !  
"Cuckoo !"

The beeches come green  
Where their blushes have been ;  
And the chestnut leaflets begin to rise  
And sprinkle the turf with their brown bud-scales ;

While the speedwell opens its shy, blue eyes,  
 To peep at the sun from the garden pales,  
 As the love-sick girls of the village pass,  
 With their ears alert, through the tender grass,  
 A-roaming the meadows and holts until  
 The cuckoo shall call over Highden hill,  
 For so many times as they hear him call,  
 When they hear him first, must the acorns fall,  
 Must the Yule log burn, must the lambkins play  
 Ere the joy bells will ring on their wedding day.

“Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!”  
 “Four years?—four years are nearly never!”  
 “Cuckoo! cuckoo!”—“Stop, cuckoo, stop, or we  
 shall all be maids for ever!”  
 “Cuckoo! cuckoo!”  
 “O, bother you,  
 If we must all be maids for ever!”

Wood pigeons coo  
 “Grow, peas, do—do!”  
 But the wryneck ceases her “peet-pee-peet!”  
 As her mate flies over the short, green wheat;  
 And the boys toss their caps, with a cheer,  
 When he passes them by with a clear  
 “Cuckoo! cuckoo!”  
 And they answer him back with a lusty and clear

“Cuckoo! cuckoo!”

Then haste to the hedgerows to see

What colour the hair may be

Which he

Who secretly runs and searches,

Before the first cuckoo perches,

Will find in his stocking-feet ;

A thread,

Black, yellow, or brown, or red,

Blown there from his future sweetheart's head.

And, once again, the fairies throw aside their ermine  
hoods ;

And, as we love, we see them in the meadows and  
the woods.

And the little children sing,

In a ring o' roses ring,

“March winds, and April showers

Bring forth the May flowers !”

“Cuckoo! cuckoo!”

## Night Shades

WATCH the clouds pass the moon !—  
Come, shall we follow  
Their shadows down the hill,  
Slacking not speed until  
We reach the hollow ?

Over the springy turf,  
Over the mole heaps,  
Over the clumps of furze,  
Over the junipers,  
With whoops and droll leaps,

Into the coppice where  
The glow-worms glisten !  
There on the ivy trails  
We for the nightingales  
Will sit and listen . . .

How very still it is—  
     I very nearly  
 Fancy in yonder shade  
 I hear the Flower Maid  
     Whisper how dearly

She loveth evermore  
     Her mortal lover ;  
 And I can almost see,  
 Listening cunningly  
     Where the bats hover,

That evil spirit, who,  
     Jealous and spiteful,  
 Carried her far away,  
 One most unlucky day,  
     In his arms frightful,

And underneath the hills  
     Hides her for ever  
 In such a secret cave  
 The bravest of the brave  
     Can find her never :

Only, on Summer nights,  
     When the moon's shining,  
 Lovers may chance to hear  
 Her plaintive murmurs near  
     Where she is pining—



Ah, that long, mellow note,  
Melting with sweetness !  
How it thrilled, coming near,  
Passing on loud and clear  
Into completeness !

Surely to love like ours'  
There comes no ending.  
May our souls, when we die,  
Upward and Heav'nward fly,  
Loving and blending !

No? . . . Then in one deep grave  
Beg them to place us !  
Thus, even in decay,  
Whatever finds us may  
But as one trace us.

Or, with spice-sprinklings,  
And with wine-splashes,  
Burn both our bodies up  
And in one single cup  
Treasure our ashes.

## The Secret Shrine

### I.

WHEN balsam-buds were bursting sweet,  
And willow-wands were fair to see ;  
When turtle doves began to coo,  
And larks to sing deliciously,

A novice came, at break of day,  
Before the Muses' secret shrine,  
And bowed in adoration to  
The cup filled with Apollo's wine.

The rubies crusted up its stem  
Played with the bubbles at its brim ;  
And, lo, upon the rising sun  
The god of song appeared to him.

## II.

When fields were bright with buttercups,  
And beanflow'rs scented all the air ;  
When nightingales sang day and night,  
And cuckoos called from ev'rywhere,

He kissed the crystal plinth whereon  
The draught of inspiration stands,  
And reached his lips and drank, for none  
May take that chalice in their hands,

And through the noontide heat he went  
And sang beside the city gate,  
Till, even in the market place,  
Men's faces grew compassionate.

## III.

When dahlias blackened in the frost,  
And hollyhocks began to break ;  
When swallows fled across the sea,  
And wild swan came upon the lake,

He knelt again, at eventide,  
Before the sunset gloried shrine,  
With leaves of laurel round his head,  
And over them the ring divine

Which only those Immortals wear  
Who dwell upon Parnassus hill . . .  
Now in one heart, one heart alone,  
His sweet love-singing lingers still.

## Rainbow Gold

ALL those to whom the fields in Spring  
Are still the fields of Arcady  
Will know the truth of this I sing,  
Will know how often one may see  
The merry little fairies pass  
From flow'r to flow'r across the grass.

Such pretty things there are to see !  
But quite the prettiest, I ween,  
Is when the tiny Graces three  
Undress to bathe in daisy sheen  
What time King Oberon goes by  
Upon his grand green dragon-fly.

To see them dance as they unloose  
Their robes of spider-woven silk,  
Quite in their cups with cowslip-juice  
And froth of dandelion-milk,  
Is just the quaintest, gayest sight  
Of Bacchanalian delight.

Now in the old, old Golden Age,  
 When ev'rybody saw them so,  
 The King wrote on a rose-leaf page,  
 Dipping his pen in glow-worm glow  
 And glistenings of moonlit dew,  
 The secret I now tell to you.

Out North, or South, or East, or West,  
 Wherever rainbows touch the ground,  
 Great treasure-trove awaits the quest,  
 And by true lovers may be found—  
 Bright jewelled pots of fairy gold  
 A finger's length beneath the mould.

O, happy he who finds those pots,  
 For with them he may always buy  
 The dimples and the beauty-spots  
 Which keep Love pleasing to the eye ;  
 And, sweeter far than honey cakes,  
 Those kiss-seal'd vows Love never breaks !

There, did you ever, ever hear  
 Of such a precious treasure-trove ?  
 Run, lovers who have cause to fear  
 The April fickleness of Love,  
 And tie the rainbow to a tree  
 And dig below, and you will see !

## Elves

WHEN the sun goes to rest  
In the cave of the West,  
And the stars and the moon  
Take his place, very soon  
To each wild, lonely glen  
Come the wee elfin men.

Tiptoeing, hand in hand,  
See them on mole heaps stand,  
Crying out, "You shall be  
Welcomed right merrily  
At the court of our king  
If you come to our ring!"

You who scoff, you who fear  
Elfin spells, go not near,  
For if you even glance  
At the place where they dance  
Nevermore you may come  
Back to your earthly home.

Under a silver birch,  
Where wizard ravens perch,  
And bands of glow-worms glow  
Round and round, row on row,  
You will soon find yourself  
Turning into an elf.

Then, ere the first lark sings,  
You will have tiny wings,  
Made of much lighter stuff  
Than dandelion fluff,  
To waft you far away  
From the approaching day.

When the sun goes to rest  
In the cave of the West,  
To each wild, lonely glen  
Come the wee elfin men ;  
But all those who have been  
Mortals no more are seen.



## Fata Morgana

WOMEN sitting in their bowers  
Toss me knots of gilly-flowers,  
Crying, "Stay with us, to-morrow  
You may catch her to your sorrow!"  
And the men in taverns drinking  
Leave their toasting, and the chinking  
Of their glasses, and, with laughter,  
Shout, "'Tis a wild goose you're after!"

Some would love me, some would pity,  
But I fly far from the city,  
Following through wildernesses  
My witch with the floating tresses;  
Over roots and stony places,  
Over bramble interlaces,  
Over moors and deep morasses,  
Over rocks and mountain passes!

Then, sometimes a cloud will hide her,  
Causing me to weep, and chide her,  
Till a sunbeam comes to show me,  
Just above or just below me,  
Her white arms held to receive me,  
Which she does to cheat and grieve me.  
O, that God would stop, or teach her  
Kindness, so that I might reach her!

## An Autumn Elegy

Now it is fitting, and becomes us all  
 To think how fast our time of being fades.  
 The Year puts down his mead-cup, with a sigh,  
 And kneels, deep in the red and yellow glades,  
 And tells his beads like one about to die :  
 For when the last leaves fall  
 He must away unto a bare, cold cell  
 In white St. Winter's monastery ; there  
 To do hard penance for the joys that were,  
 Until the New Year tolls his passing bell.

And 'tis in vain to whisper, " Be of cheer,  
 There is a resurrection after death ;  
 When Autumn tears will turn to Springtime  
 rain,  
 As through the earth the Spirit quickeneth  
 Toward the old, glad Summer-life again !"  
 He will not smile to hear,  
 But only look more sorrowful, and say,  
 " How can you mock me if you love me ? No ;  
 The day draws very nigh when I must go ;  
 The new will be the new ; I pass away."

Yet, kneeling with him, still more sad than he,  
I saw him once turn round and smile as sweet  
As in the happy rose and lily days,  
When, from between the stubble of the wheat,  
A skylark soared up through the clouds to praise  
The sun's eternity.  
Hope seemed to flash a moment in his eyes ;  
And, knowing him so well, I know he thought,  
"How fair the legend through the ages brought,  
That still to live is Death's most sweet surprise !"

## Revenge on Cupid

ONCE, as I sniffed a bed of pinks,  
Sly Cupid shot a dart,  
A tiny thing, with golden barbs,  
Which pierced me to the heart.

I vowed revenge, and chased him through  
The gate and up the street,  
Forgetting he was bless'd with wings  
While I had only feet.

I sought him all the day, nor found  
Him till the moon arose—  
There he was sleeping on the musk  
In Mary's garden-close!

I blushed to see the rascal look  
So innocent, and weak,  
With both his cruel, chubby hands  
Beneath his dimpled cheek.

But, straightway, with convolvulus,  
Sweet pea, and pilgrims' joy,  
I fashioned mighty loops and thongs  
And bound the baby boy.

And, knowing what destruction in  
His little quiver lay,  
I emptied all the arrows out  
And threw them all away.

## Mermaids

MERMAIDS, born of light and spray,  
Pass their merry time away  
Singing in the coral caves  
To the music of the waves,  
Only coming out to love  
Dead men sinking from above,  
Or to climb the rocks and cry  
To the sailors passing by,  
Dressing up each other's curls  
With anemones and pearls.

Earth-born maids have souls, but these  
Lovely daughters of the seas  
Have them not, and may not know  
Love's ecstatic passion-glow,  
May not ever hope to fly  
Angel-handed up the sky,  
May not even fear to win  
Everlasting woe for sin  
Till a mortal marries them  
With a ring and diadem.

When the marriage rites are o'er,  
She, who had no soul before,  
And is now a mortal's wife,  
Gains eternal spirit-life ;  
But if he, her husband, prove  
Faithless to his vow of love,  
Ere the setting of the sun,  
They, who still in soul are one,  
With the mermaid's folk will be  
At the bottom of the sea.



## Camelot

WHEN Spring was running through the woods,  
And buds were showing leaf and flower,  
We read the *Book of Arthur* in  
A coppice facing Holmbush Tower.

And, dreaming o'er the old romance  
Together in so sweet a spot,  
What wonder if we smiled and said,  
"Lo, yonder tow'r is Camelot!"

And scarcely had we spoken when  
An old-time pilgrim touched our hands,  
To say, "Young men, you linger on  
The outskirts of King Arthur's lands."

"Yes, yes," we cried, "we know it, but  
Which path leads up to Camelot?"  
He, fumbling at his scrip, replied,  
"I know it, and I know it not."

“O, pilgrim, kindly tell us when  
The secret of it we may know ! ”  
But, passing underneath the boughs,  
He answered, very soft and slow—

“ Some find it when their hair is brown ;  
Some find it when their hair is white ;  
And you may seek it many years ;  
And you may find it out to-night.”

## A Love Story

THEY went from beneath the laburnums  
Away through the green-eared corn,  
With a dear little cupid between them, but lately  
born.

The goldfinches sang in the sloe trees ;  
The grasshoppers chirped in the drills ;  
And the sheep bells all tinkled together along the hills.

And they told to each other their secrets  
Close down on the thymy grass  
By the chalk pit, where even the shepherds but  
rarely pass.

And then, in the sunset, all amber  
And roseate, homeward they went  
Where the glow-worms shone thick in the mosses,  
and grasses bent.

And the full moon arose by the windmill  
Plantation of larch trees, and pine,  
As they kissed their first kisses of love in the pale  
moonshine.

But cupids have wings to their shoulders ;  
And love is a delicate flow'r  
Which opens, in sunlight or moonlight, to die in  
an hour.

## An Autumn Allegory

COME, our old mate, come back to us again ;  
Too long, too long you linger in the town !  
The hazel nuts are slipping in the lane ;  
And in the holt the chestnut-burs are brown—  
Come, our old mate, both old and young com-  
plain !  
We tapped a cask of cider yesterday ;  
To-morrow we shall thrash the walnut tree.  
O, we will feast you, if you come this way,  
On pies, and cakes, and cream and frumenty ;  
And give you all our shares  
Of luscious Harvest plums and William pears.

We never had such apples here before,  
And plumper, sweeter filberts never grew ;  
And on the grape-vine by the garden door  
There still is left a goodly bunch or two—

Come, our old mate, for you is all our store !  
For you the medlars soften, one by one,  
And frequently on fresh, clean straw are laid ;  
For you the bottled gooseberries are done,  
And currant wine and damson cheese are made :  
We will not think it true  
That country sweets are no more sweet to you !

## Joyous Gard

I CAME unto the ruined choir  
Which, long ago, was Joyous Gard,  
And knelt within the holy place  
Among the bluebells in the sward.

And, in the glory of the dawn,  
When all the birds began to stir,  
I saw and heard the requiem  
Of him who loved Queen Guenever.

He lay upon a golden bier  
Beneath a pall of cloth of silk  
Of divers hues, with fringes thick  
With loops of pearls as white as milk.

And at his head and at his feet  
And by his side tall tapers stood,  
Whose little flames made little stars  
Against the greenness of the wood.

And many noble knights and dames  
Came down from shining Camelot  
To pray for mercy on the soul  
Of their belov'd Sir Launcelot.



## Sloes

GET up, get up,  
You lazy thing !  
The sun is high  
Above the Ring,  
And stolen fruits  
Have such a charm  
When sloes are ripe  
At Barnet's Farm.

The skylarks all  
Are in the sky,  
And ev'ry blade  
Of grass is dry,  
And we shall not  
Get any harm  
From stealing sloes  
At Barnet's Farm.

For even if  
The carter sees  
Us in the field,  
Or in the trees,  
He'll never think  
To raise alarm,  
They are such *slows*  
At Barnet's Farm.

## The Lost Dart

BETWEEN the sunset and the dusk  
Dan Cupid came to me  
Out of a border full of musk,  
Crying most bitterly.

I took his tear-wet hands in mine,  
And smoothed his tangled curls,  
So full of glints, and soft and fine  
As any baby girl's.

Still he would not be comforted,  
And sobbed, "What shall I do—  
I've lost the dart my Mother said  
I was to shoot at you!"

And, picking up his tiny bow,  
He went to seek again;  
But if he finds that dart I vow  
That he shall shoot in vain.

## Flora

ALAS, for simple pipers who  
Seek peace in sylvan places,  
When parted hazel-boughs disclose  
A nymph with Flora's graces !

I caught the glitter of her rings,  
And of her silver buckles,  
As she came up the coppice lane  
Beneath the honeysuckles.

And when she rested on the bank  
I watched the sky above her,  
And almost feared one of the gods  
Would fly to earth and love her.

At sunset, when the flow'rs that sleep  
Were shutting, she departed ;  
Which left me, till my comrade came,  
A little heavy-hearted.

## To His Conscience

(FOR A PICTURE BY J. P. DONNE.)

AWAY, and die !  
Nor deem that I  
Shall ever miss  
Your holy kiss.

O, you will find  
Death not unkind ;  
But true to keep  
You fast asleep.

My heart will ache ?—  
These lilies make  
Me very faint  
With your complaint.

Away, and die !  
Nor deem that I  
Shall ever miss  
Your holy kiss.

## Lilian

LILIES very white and sweet  
Cover her from head to feet  
Underneath the linen sheet.

And such beauty fills the place  
When I lift the square of lace  
From her little marble face !

For a baby's soul, they say,  
Very seldom flies away  
From it's empty shell of clay

Till the service of the dead  
In the graveyard has been said,  
And the corse is buried.

Then it is that I shall weep,  
When I can no longer peep  
At my darling fast asleep.

## Pan Eating Honey

PAN is sitting in the grass  
By the Golden Gate,  
Eating honey from the comb—  
O, to be his mate!

Now he stops to pipe a tune ;  
Now to sing a ditty ;  
Now to look and smile at me  
Out of love and pity.

## The Flight of the White Bird

RODEN NOEL, MAY 26, 1894.

THE golden bowl lies broken on the floor.  
The silver cord is loos'd: earthbound no more,  
Our White Bird flies out seaward from the shore.

Know you the Blessed Island, fisherman?  
Its cliffs are hung with harps Æolian.  
Our White Bird seeks it at the call of Pan.

The silver cord is loos'd—if daylight fail?  
Our White Bird needs no guiding mast or sail;  
He knows the secret of the nightingale.

His sad mates settle round the temple door  
To coo among the lilies on the floor.  
Our White Bird flies out seaward from the shore.



## Danae

Up to her chamber lattice  
The yellow roses grew,  
And always through their fragrance  
Came that sweet voice she knew.

She leaned to smell, to kiss them ;  
The wind blew back her vest,  
And so the golden petals  
Were showered on her breast.

## Adam and Lilith

I HAVE kissed, for her sake,  
Fang and lip of the snake.

But I loathed as I kissed ;  
And the fiend backed, and hissed.

Now I hide in the grove ;  
And I curse all my love !

## Cupid Rejected

GET out, you saucy boy,  
Why should I try you?  
Why should I be your toy?  
Why not defy you?

Pick up your darts, and go;  
Nor call to-morrow!  
Your heart is full, I know,  
Of doubt and sorrow.

Now don't begin to cry—  
You'll change me never,  
Not even if you sigh  
And sob for ever.

## At the Sign of the Rose

CURSED is he who doth disclose  
The converse held beneath the rose !

When friend meets friend, salute the sign,  
And toast it well in ale or wine.

The world may seek to pry within ;  
May swear you do a secret sin ;

But shun them for their taunts and jeers,  
And hate them for their itching ears !

Believe me, it is Heaven to blend  
In faith with a familiar friend.

## Narcissus

POOR Echo would untie her hair and let  
It blow about him ; and would sigh, and take  
His hands and fondle them ; and even make  
The tears come to her eyes, to press her wet  
Cheeks to his breast : all this, and more, and yet  
It never moved him ; daily o'er the lake  
He leaned, and loved, and languished for the sake  
Of that fair face deep in the water set.

And when the hounds of Spring arose, and ran  
Through all the golden fields of daffodils,  
Behind the shining chariot of the sun,  
He whispered, "*Kiss me, kiss me!*" and began  
To bend down lower, with soft pants and thrills,  
Till, presently, the sweet, cold kiss was won.

## The Pond's Secret

I HEARD a water lily say,  
"Beneath my leaves, between my roots  
A child of Love is hid away."

## The Sussex Muse

BRING out the mead, and talk no more of love,  
 What time the red sun sinks by Highden hill ;  
 And let me lie beneath the medlar trees,  
 With Marston's Book of Garden Secrets, till  
 The glow-worms shine about my feet and knees ;  
 And, on a bough above,  
 A dreamy nightingale sings all his long,  
 Sweet passion music ; and up in the loo  
 Hill-side plantation doves and pigeons coo ;  
 And I perceive the ecstasy of song.

For where the damask roses, mignonette,  
 Stocks, tiger-lilies, musk and mint diffuse  
 Their night-fresh fragrance, and the moonlight  
 makes  
 Their colours mystical, the Sussex Muse,  
 Wrapt in a veil of mist, alights, and takes  
 Her Pan-pipes, jewel set,

Out from between her breasts, and, for myself  
 Alone, against the sun dial leans and plays  
 The very tunes she played in bygone days  
 To Fletcher, Otway, Collins, Shelley, Realfe.

I watch one little star which twinkles through  
 The medlar-leaves ; and in the marrow-vine  
 Hear beetles hum ; and from the barn afar  
 Black flitter-mice fly round her head, and mine,  
 As if they would discover who we are,  
     That, heedless of the dew,  
 Linger so long and late into the night,  
     When soon from all the sheep tracks on the  
     downs  
 The merry elves will trundle shepherds' crowns,  
 And make the meadows ring with their delight.

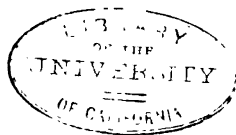
And to St. Mary's tow'r at Washington  
 Five villagers go past to practise chimes ;  
 And Farmer Bowley round his orchard goes  
 To burn and dig out wasp and hornet hives ;  
 And courting couples kiss, when they suppose  
     None of their mates look on ;  
 And Shepherd Marner, at the grindstone near,  
 Sharps up his shears. Then, slowly, unto me,  
 Who may not more than breathe lest she  
     should flee,  
 The Muse comes close, and whispers in my ear :—



"You who have stood on Chanctonbury Ring  
 So many times at sunrise, calling me  
 Out from the northern pastures of the Weald,  
 Or southward from the slopes toward the sea,  
 Not vainly unto me have you appealed,  
 But I would have you sing,  
 Before I love you, something soft and clear  
 And full of countryside simplicity ;  
 As Barnes sang in his Dorset Rectory,  
 And Gale sings now in leafy Warwickshire.

"My dainty Fletcher joined the courtier throng  
 Of that most vain of queens, Elizabeth ;  
 Forgetting Sussex in their company.  
 And Otway with base aliens starved to death.  
 While gentle Collins only came to me  
 When madness filled his song  
 With wild discordance. Thus, for ever, I  
 Have kept no native music but the strains  
 Of horse-bells jingling up and down my lanes,  
 Of singing birds, and streams which gurgle by.

"When Shelley's soul was carried through the air  
 Toward the manor house where he was born,  
 I danced along the avenue at Denne,  
 And praised the grace of Heaven, and the morn  
 Which numbered with the sons of Sussex men  
 A genius so rare !



So high an honour and so dear a birth,  
That, though the Horsham folk may little care  
To laud the favour of his birthplace there,  
My name is bless'd for it throughout the earth.

"I taught the child to love, and dream and sing  
Of witch, hobgoblin, folk and flower lore;  
And often led him by the hand away  
Into St. Leonard's Forest, where of yore  
The hermit fought the dragon—to this day,  
The children, ev'ry Spring,  
Find lilies of the valley blowing where  
The fights took place. Alas! they quickly  
drove  
My darling from my bosom and my love,  
And snatched my crown of laurel from his hair.

"Real I loved too, and fondly hoped that he  
Would sing for me alone, and in my name  
Please all the world, but very soon he left  
My arms to go and seek another fame;  
Leaving me of my latest bard bereft.  
Still, he is dear to me.  
And I was proud, when, in America,  
He struck for liberty with old John Brown,  
Fighting beside him when he took the town  
Of Harper's Ferry, in Virginia.

"Can I not charm enough to make one choose  
 For the life-mistress of his poesy,  
 Instead of those who come from Hindustan  
 With lotus-flowers, or from Italy  
 With myrtle, or with plum-blooms from Japan,  
 The simple Sussex Muse?  
 O, I would love him in his hours of dream,  
 Hid in the brakes at Parham, or upon  
 The heathy common-lands of Chiltington,  
 Or by some Pulbro', Arun-filling stream!

"And when King Oberon makes merry round  
 The park at Wiston on a gala night  
 With Queen Titania and all her train,  
 Then I would give him sev'nfold fairy-sight;  
 And he should see me step from Charles' Wain  
 On to the smooth, green ground,  
 To join the fairy court festivities.  
 And he should go with me, and see and hear  
 Strange sights and sounds among the sleeping  
 deer  
 Beneath the ancient oak and hawthorn trees."

Here the wind rustling all the medlar-leaves  
 Drowns her soft voice. I reach my lips in vain  
 To kiss her jewelled Pan-pipes, or her veil,  
 For jasmine-petals fall as fast as rain—

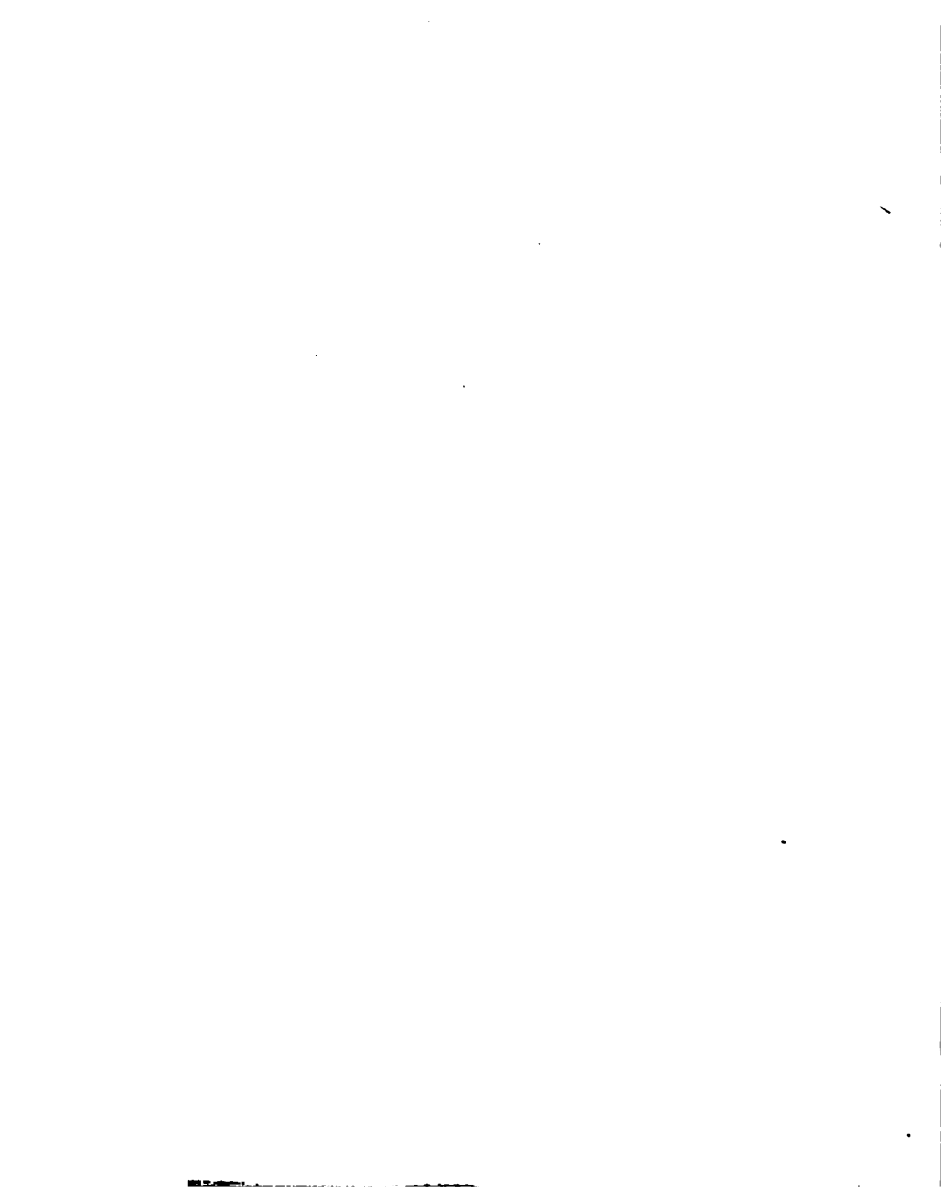
Shook from a full-blown spray swung from its  
nail

Beneath the cottage eaves—

Concealing her. Up in the churchyard yews

The parson's owls begin to hoot. I cry,

“Return, return, O, lovely one, and I  
Will never worship any other Muse!”



# Drinking Songs

*"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish,  
And wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.  
Let him drink, and forget his poverty,  
And remember his misery no more."*

**PROVERBS OF KING SOLOMON**

## Cider Apples

SOME choose to worship in the church ;  
Some choose to worship in the chapels ;  
But we will worship by ourselves  
In orchards full of cider apples.

Who sends their blossom in the Spring ?  
Who sets it in the Summer weather ?  
Who ripens them at Autumn time ?  
'Tis Him we'll worship all together !

And they may mock us in the church ;  
And they may jeer us in the chapels ;  
But we will listen unto Him  
Who loads the trees with cider apples.



## The Forlorn Lover

I MET a merry maiden,  
As blithe as blithe could be.  
I found a young man weeping,  
Most pitiful to see.  
He sobbed, "O, she is gone, is gone!"  
He sobbed, "O, she is gone!"

I took his hand most gently  
And led him to the inn,  
And called, "Two pots of cider,  
The three-year-old from Lynn!"  
He murmured, "I shall die, shall die!"  
He murmured, "I shall die!"

I bade him, "Now forget her,  
And drown your misery;"  
And when his pot was emptied  
His face was good to see.  
He shouted, "I shall live, shall live!"  
He shouted, "I shall live!"

## Parson Herrick's Muse

THE parson dubs us, in our cups,  
 "A tipsy, good-for-nothing crew!"  
 It matters not—it may be false—  
 It matters not—it may be true.  
 But here's to parson Herrick's Muse!  
 Drink to it, dear old comrades, please!  
 And, prithee, for my tombstone choose  
 A verse from his Hesperides.

The parson's rich, but we are poor;  
 And we are wrong, but he is right—  
 Who knows how much his cellar holds,  
 Or how he goes to bed at night?  
 But here's to parson Herrick's Muse!  
 Drink to it, dear old comrades, please!  
 And, prithee, for my tombstone choose  
 A verse from his Hesperides.

The landlord shall our parson be ;  
The tavern door our churchyard gate ;  
And we will fill the landlord's till  
Before we fill the parson's plate !  
But here's to parson Herrick's Muse !  
Drink to it, dear old comrades, please !  
And, prithee, for my tombstone choose  
A verse from his Hesperides.

## When Fortune's Wheel Clogs

Ho ! ho ! shall we sink  
Because we despair ?  
No ! no ! let us drink,  
Laugh, sing, and not care  
For anything when  
Dame Fortune's wheel clogs—  
And the more we know men  
The more we love dogs !

Bring cider, my lass,  
And glorious mead ;  
In pewter or glass,  
But bring it with speed !  
It's drinking time when  
Dame Fortune's wheel clogs—  
And the more we know men  
The more we love dogs !

O, apple-juice joys !  
O, honey and flow'rs !  
Drink, drink, drink, my boys,  
The kingdom is ours !  
What a joke it is when  
Dame Fortune's wheel clogs—  
And the more we know men  
The more we love dogs !

## Rum and Milk

Now some may drink to ladies fine,  
With painted cheeks and gowns of silk;  
But we will drink to dairymaids,  
In pocket-mugs of rum and milk!  
O, 'tis up in the morning early,  
When the dew is on the grass,  
And St. John's bell rings for matins,  
And St. Mary's rings for mass!

The merry skylarks soar and sing,  
And seem to Heaven very near—  
Who knows what blessed inns they see,  
What holy drinking songs they hear?  
O, 'tis up in the morning early,  
When the dew is on the grass,  
And St. John's bell rings for matins,  
And St. Mary's rings for mass!

The mushrooms may be priceless pearls

A queen has lost beside the stream,

But rum is melted rubies when

It turns the milk to golden cream !

O, 'tis up in the morning early,

When the dew is on the grass,

And St. John's bell rings for matins,

And St. Mary's rings for mass !



## **“Pass the Pewter!”**

Ho ! pass the pewter, Teddy !  
Hi ! pass the pewter, Jack !  
And we will be as merry  
As good monks drinking sack.  
This is no time for thinking  
If mates or girls are true,  
But just the time for drinking  
And helping out the brew.

Now froth it, froth it, Teddy !  
And hold it gently, Jack !  
May all our troubles leave us  
And all our joys come back !  
This is no time for thinking  
If mates or girls are true,  
But just the time for drinking  
And helping out the brew.

Here's to the malthouse, Teddy !

Here's to the hop-pole, Jack !

Malthouses, stand for ever !

And, hop-poles, never crack !

This is no time for thinking

If mates or girls are true,

But just the time for drinking

And helping out the brew.

## Barum Ware and Devonshire Cider

ALL earthenware is dust and clay,  
 And dust and clay is ev'ry man;  
 And if you can't be easy, well,  
 Just be as easy as you can.  
 O, some have thin Venetian glass  
 From which to drink their foreign cheer,  
 But give us cups of Barum ware  
 And cider made in Devonshire !

Do something, if you can, I pray;  
 I pray you, something, good or bad.  
 Be merry while it is to-day,  
 To-morrow we may all be sad.  
 O, some have thin Venetian glass  
 From which to drink their foreign cheer,  
 But give us cups of Barum ware  
 And cider made in Devonshire !

Preserve us from cross women's tongues,  
From coppers, duns, and all disgrace;  
And when one cask is empty, may  
A full one always take it's place!  
O, some have thin Venetian glass  
From which to drink their foreign cheer,  
But give us cups of Barum ware  
And cider made in Devonshire!



## The Arbour

O, THE tap-room in the Winter  
When the ground is white with snow,  
But the arbour in the Summer  
When the honeysuckles blow !  
So, landlord, ice the cider,  
And put rose-leaves in the beer ;  
And we'll drink with any fellow  
Who will pay his footing here !

O, a nightingale is singing  
In the lilac on the lawn,  
And we'll join him in his chorus  
Till the day begins to dawn !  
So, landlord, ice the cider,  
And put rose-leaves in the beer ;  
And we'll drink with any fellow  
Who will pay his footing here !

O, the moon lights up the lilies  
Through the blossoms on the lime;  
But the rising sun is better  
For a clock for closing time !  
So, landlord, ice the cider,  
And put rose-leaves in the beer ;  
And we'll drink with any fellow  
Who will pay his footing here !

## “Poor Old Charley”

WHEN he who loves to sing a song  
Is heard no more among his brothers ;  
And they have carried him to church  
And left him sleeping with the others ;  
O, if you make a wreath for him,  
Make it of bay-leaves, hops, and barley ;  
And, now and then, pour out a drink  
And pass it round for “poor old Charley !”

Sometimes he may wake up again  
And join you at the tap-room table ;  
Or watch you from the manger when  
The landlord pops you in the stable.  
O, if you make a wreath for him,  
Make it of bay-leaves, hops, and barley ;  
And, now and then, pour out a drink  
And pass it round for “poor old Charley !”

And when you roll home late at night  
Fear not if you should see him near you;  
He will your guiding angel be,  
And to your very bedside steer you !  
O, if you make a wreath for him,  
Make it of bay-leaves, hops, and barley ;  
And, now and then, pour out a drink  
And pass it round for "poor old Charley !"





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